Mistris
PARLIAMENT

Presented in her Bed, after the sore travaile and hard labour which she endured last weeke, in the Birth of her Monstrous Off-spring, the

Childe of Deformation.

The hopefull fruit of her seven Yeers Teeming,
And a most precious Babe of Grace.

With the severall Discourses between Mrs. Sedition, *Mrs.* Schisme, *Mrs.* Synod *her dry-Nurse*, *Mrs.* Iealousie, *and others her* Gossips.

Oh sick! oh faint! alas my sight doth faile,
My Members tremble and my Spirits quaile;
Oh what a chilnesse doth my heart oppresse,
But what the cause of't is, I know you'le guesse
'Tis this most hedious Birth doth me amaze,
And *much* torment me when on it I gaze:
But *more* when as I thinke what men will conster,
To see th'expected *Babe* of *Grace* prove Monster.

BY

Mercurius Melancholicus.

Printed in the Yeer of the Saints fear. 1648.

Guide of Deformation.

Mrs.

PARLIAMENT presented in her Bed, after the sore travaile and hard labour which she endured last week, in the Birth of her Monstrous off-Spring, the

CHILDE OF DEFORMATION.

Mrs. *Shisme* The Kingdomes *mine*, I am the child,
My name's *Tom.* Presbyter.
Mrs. *Sedition* 'Tis false, 'tis Th' Saints; whose King I'me, stil'd,
Holy St.——*Oliver.*
Mrs. *Schisme* *We* are the Saints, we, *Presbyters.*
Mrs. *Sedition* *We Independents*, are.
King *Charles* Nor Saints, nor Kings, what need these stirs?
'Tis mine which you would share.
Jealousie I smell a plot, the Kings no doubt,
To prove true, what is known;
When Theeves about stolne goods fall out
True men still get their owne.
Mrs. *Sa. Yandseal* No, no, arme, arme (the common Foe
Appeares for *Charles*) I'le; bawle
Herod and *Pilate* made friends so,
Though Christ, he then must fall
The Child-wif's laid, the tables's spread: but oh!
The Gossips strive for place, 'tis alwayes so.

Act. 2. *Scen.* 1.

Sedition. AND why you first, Mrs. *Schisme.* Pray you give place to Seniority.

Schisme. Nay, nay, neighbour *Sedition*, me thinks you and I should be better friends, our affections are the same.

Sedition. And one Progenitor, the Devill, belongs to both I confesse, only, because I come of the Elder house (for though you

are of the Houſe of the Incendiaries in the Church, which is a very ancient Family, I grant, yet I am of that of the Incendiaries in the State, which preceeds in antiquity) I claime the priority, both here, and alſo in preſenting my ſervice to Mrs. *Parliament*, yea, I expect the preheminence above you in her Honours imployments too.

Schiſme. Cozen! Whatſoere your ſeniority may plead for you to her in your behalfe, my paſt actions in her ſervice may exact as due to my deſerts: Never did any State Incendiary bring the Deſignes of any Tyrant to ſuch perfection in an age, as I have done Mrs. *Parliaments* in leſſe then ſeven yeers, under the vizard of Religion, therefore, by your leave Mrs. *Sedition*, I think my ſelfe worthy to be preferred before you in her affections.

Sedition. Marry gip with a wynnion! you preferred before me! Have not my pretences, to make every free-borne Subject a quiet poſſeſſor of his propriety and liberty, to ſuppreſſe Tyranny, and prevent Arbitrarineſſe in the King (which I intend to act my ſelfe) brought Mrs. *Parliament* to this height of unlimited power which now ſhe is at, and doe you think now to carry away her favour from me?

Mrs. *Sa. Yandſeale.* Fie, fie friends fal out about trifles? You have both deſerved well, and no doubt ſhall in fit time and place receive your reward; but agree, agree, and the rather becauſe the common enemy begins to ſtirre and hold up his head again: and will you by your diviſions give life to their dead hopes? what were this but to blaſt all your former glorious actions, abſolutely fruſtrate all your golden hopes, and wholly annihilate your vaſt expectations, and will you now prove ſuch enemies not only to her, whoſe ſervants ye profeſſe your ſelves to be, but alſo to your ſelves and all your friends? Come come, you ſhall (like gentlewomen of equall birth and merit) walke hand in hand, and have the ſame degree of place at her table and in her affections: only for the preſent I muſt prevaile with Mrs. *Schiſme*, that Mrs. *Sedition* may have her right hand; for Mrs. *Parliament* hath now occaſion to uſe the ſword, (as indeed when will ſhe not find occaſion to uſe?) and we all know Mrs. *Sedition* knowes how to weild that beſt for her advantage.

Mrs. *Schiſme.* I am content, for I muſt confeſſe that I am no fighter, though none could ever match me for an Incendiary and Abettor to warre and bloud-ſhed. Wil't pleaſe you walk in Mrs. *Sedition?*

Mr.

Mr. *Sedition.* Your Servant, in your hand, sweet Cosin *Schisme.*

Mrs. So this is well and timely brought about. *Exeunt.*

Sa. and Seale. We loose our precious hopes if these fall out.

Enter Mrs. Parliament *in Child-bed.* *Scen.* 2.

Mrs. *Parl.* Nurse, Nurse, —— why Nurse, Where art thou Nurse? [*Enter Mrs* Synod *Dry Nurse.*

Nurse. Anan forsooth Mistris, I am here: What is't your pleasure I should do?

Mrs. *Parl.* O, prethee Nurse speak softly (for a time:) the noise which thou makest with thy babling and prating pierceth my head, and may prove a great hindrance of my Recoverie, if not totally obstruct it. I am very weak with my past sore Travail, and should I fall into a Relapse it might cost me my Life; and then Nurse, you would (I know) confesse (as being sensible of your losse) that the most bountifull Mistris, that ever you had, is deceased: Was it ever known that such a rate was given a *Dry Nurse* before; four shillings a day, besides other by-blowes, gratuities and especially three or four steeple-houses and profitable Lectures? therefore Nurse it nearly concernes you to have a special care of me.

Nurse. Dear Mistris, you shall for the future experience my diligence to comply in all things with your desires, and my care hereafter shall evidence the readinesse of my obedience to your commands.

Mrs. *Parl.* It is well said Nurse: ——But is Mrs. *Truth* gone?

Nurse. Gone, quoth you? Why what should she do here? Do you ever hope to recover your strength or regain your credit by her? If you should follow her Directions and take such Physicke as she would prescribe you, she would give you such a Potion as would make you fall a vomiting with a witnesse, and then up would come (to the view of the whole World) all that you have converted to the satisfying of your own private Lust, though pretended to be done for the publique good of the Kingdom; as the Revenues of the Crown ——

Mrs. *Parl.* O, prethee Nurse speak softly.

Nurse. Noble mens Estates, Bishops Lands and Houses, all Sequestrations, and vast Compositions, besides great summes of Loan-money for Rebells Lands in *Ireland*, Publique Faith Money, Excise money, Contribution and Free-quarter; All would up. Verily Mistris, if you be rul'd by her, it will inevitably follow, that you cannot escape your (I too sadly fear too too sudden) dissolution.

Mrs. *Parl.* It is truth Nurse; I have ever rejected her Counsels (though I have alwayes made the World believe I have followed them most precisely) and though I sent for her in my extremitie, and desired her to indite that feigned Confession so to blinde the eyes of the World that I might the more securely and undiscovered compasse mine own Designe, yet know Nurse, that I hate her companie, and loath her sight, much lesse will I follow her Dictates and Directions.

Nurse. No, do not Mistris, Did you ever reap any benefit by her companie? or, Did at any time any good accrew to you by following her counsell? If the People should know all that she can tell of you (and she can as well be hanged [which you know is the least you have deserved] as conceal her knowledge, but will at some time or other discover all) What would be the event thereof? Indeed Mistris I tremble to thinke (being in the same condemnation, and deserving the same reward with your selfe) and by that little experience thereof, which you have had of late you may be sensible enough what you must expect.

No, no, Mistris, if you hope to recover again, make use of Mistris *Mendax*, the whole Packe of your weekly forging Pamphleters, they have ever stucke close to you, and by imploying them still, you know how advantagious it hath been to the advance of your Designes; but among them all there is none (since *Britannicus* his decease) comparable to *Luke Haruney* or *Walker*, the *quondam* pillorie Iremonger, he is alwaies at your elbow, with his out-side *Satin*, and in-side *Devil*, ready to breathe into the eares of your tame Guls and nooſed Woodcockes, what you thinke may best advantage the *Cause* (though never so false) in his perfect Occurrence.

Besides it is evident what service his double diligence hath done you in endeavouring to suppresse your worst Enemies, the Tell-truths of the Times, *Pragmaticus*, *Melancholicus*, *Elenchus*, *&c.* whose publishing the Truth of those foul Enormities which they by intelligence have and do daily discover in your Actions, have done you more hurt of late, than all the Kings Army could heretofore; by their pennes having wounded you deeper in your credit and reputation, than ever the Sword of the Cavaliers did your bodie in your Souldiers; and therefore the care of your creature *Walker*, in endeavouring to discover and so suppresse them, deserves your notice and encouragement. Besides as a testimonie of his affection to your Service, and to manifest his

knowledge to be as deep in the *Greek* as *Hebrew* Tongue, he hath desired you to hear this Etimologie of *Parliament*, 1648.

Mrs. *Parl.* Reade it, good Nurse, let me hear it: I know he ever puts that forth that shall tend to my Honour and advancement in the good opinion of the Saints. Reade it Nurse, reade it *Nur. Parliament* in the *Greek* is written thus ΜΥΣΤΗΡΙΟΝ ΒΑΒΥΛΩΝ Ὁ ΜΕΓΑΛΗ ἡ μήτηρ τῶν πορνῶν καὶ τῶν βδελυγμάτων τῆς γῆς.

They that can reade and understand it may, Ile look for the *English* of it according to his direction, *Rev.* 17. *v.* 5.

Mrs. *Parl.* Do good Nurse, I long to know the *English* of it, *MYSTERY BABYLON THE GREAT, the Mother of Harlots and Abominations, Nurse of errour, heresie and blasphemy.* *Parl.* O hold Nurse, sicke, sicke, a suddain shivering carreers through every part, besides——a——deadly——qual——O—— *Nurse.* Helpe good Women, helpe, helpe. Mrs. *Schisme*, Mrs. *Toleration*, What are ye all deaf? Cannot one of you hear? Why Mrs. *Sa-Yand-Seal.* Helpe, helpe. *Scen.* 3. *Enter Mrs.* Sa-Yand-Seal *in haste, after her Mrs.* Iealousie *and the rest of the Gossips shreeking and screeming with Mrs.* Suburbs *the Deputy.* Mrs. *Sa-yand-seal.* What's the matter Nurse?

Nurse. O Mrs. *Parliament*, Mrs. *Parl.*——is gone, is gone.

Mrs. *Suburbs.* Be patient Nurse, she is but in a swoone, burne some ill-senting thing under her nose: that will bring her again.

Nurse. Oh what shall I burne?

Mrs. *Sa. Yandseale.* Nothing makes a loathsomer smell than the Vote wherein she resolved upon the question, that she would make no more addresses to her husband, herhead, and that it should be treason for any to bring Messages from, or carry intelligence to him.

Mrs. *Suburbs.* 'Tis well thought on, Mrs. *Sa: Yandseale* good Nurse run to *H. Elsing*, and wish him to cut it out of the journall book, and bring it thou hither, and burne it presently

from behind the Curtaine

Nurse. I flye——*Melancho* } 'tis more than time, shall I haile *Rainsborough* for you.

Mrs. *Jealousie.* But Gentlewomen doe you not deceive your selves? (pardon me I am jealous for Mrs. *Parliaments* good, and am the foundation upon which her rising to this height was laid at first) as I conceive no incense would smell better, and be more comfortable in all mens nostrills than the fume of that, burnt

Mrs. *Sa. Yandseale.* Yea (Gossip *Jealousie*) but not in the nostrils

ſtrils of all women, eſpecially hers, becauſe it would trouble her much to be made ſenſible of the burning of that her darling: and as for others, it is good to pleaſe fooles a while: ſo ſhe recover, it is no matter for burning of it: when ſhe gets ſtrenght againe, 'tis but preambling that it was done in fear, and in caſe of eminent danger, and then ſhe may revote it again.

Mrs. *Sedition.* There ſpake an *Achitopel* indeed, and he muſt needs be a good man, for we reade that his counſel was as the Oracle———

Nurſe. He', her', here 'tis. Mrs. *Sa.* That's well burne it quickly, rub her temples, ſhe ſneezes——ſo, ſo,——ſhe comes again——why Mrs. *Parliament.*

Enter Nurſe.

Parl. Where am I——O ſick, Awe——Awe,

Mel. behinde the curtain, And I hope ſhortly to ſee her come to that good-mans end, it will ſave *Grig* the trouble.

Sa. A Baſon Nurſe, quickly:——ſo——up with it Woman——ſo 'tis well.

Mrs. *Sub.* God bleſſe us, Whaa is here?———What blacke ſtuffe is this?

Sa. Nothing but *Atra bilis* or melancholicke aduſt, throw't aſide, throw't aſide, I have many times my ſelfe vomited the like.

Mel. from behinde the curtain. I believe you indeed Mrs. *Sa-yand-ſeal*, for (good People) it is no leſſe than and Hereſie Blaſphemy, which during her health ſhe wink'd at and ſwallowed, and now in her weakneſſe up it is come: And——let me ſee——there is ſomething elſe in the bowle——What is this?——A ſcrowle?——and ſomething writ in it too?——Reade it Gentlemen, I warrant ſhe hath uttered her minde in it.

The Scrowle.

From XLI. to VIII. have I (a Brood
Of Vipers) *England* ſwaid: and (in an hood
Of zeal cloſe lurking and the publique Weal)
Bewitch'd the ſimple and their hearts did ſteal.
But now by time unmask'd 'tis plainly ſeen
For *Englands* Bloud and Wealth my thirſt hath been.

Gentlemen, I am ſorry ſhe's come again, I was in good hope ſhe would have gone this bout, but (believe me) ſhe's not long liv'd, the next newes from *Wales* ſets her packing, if that from the North do not do it before.

Rowze up your valiant hearts brave *Engliſh men*
And put in *Charles* his hand his ſword again.

God bleſſe and ſave Him.

FINIS.